

HIDDEN WISHES

COMMISSION STORY

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“And as *expected*, everyone seems to have plans tonight except *me*.”

It wasn't like Weiss to be quite so snooty about the evening plans of her fellow teammates, but at times staying in Atlas brought out the worst in her. She was a Schnee after all - there was just far too much history when it came to this place. Plenty hated her by association, and she really couldn't blame them. After all she hated the Schnee name under her father just as much as anyone else.

But personal feelings aside, she would have gone out if she'd just been *invited*! It was no surprise that Weiss had her fair share of insecurities, but it was nights like this that really brought out the ones from contrasting herself with her teammates. She didn't exactly want to get hit on or anything but with Ruby always going out with Penny, and Blake always going out with Yang, it just made her feel a little lackluster?

She was plenty pretty! She *knew* that! But it wasn't like she had a charm point as blatant as the others. Each of them seemed like they had something that stood out physically, but what did the heiress have? *Extremely* long hair? Even then people so readily associated her eye and hair colors with the Schnee name. She was soiled in the eyes of anyone not named Jaune. And she did *not* want his attention!

“So now what? I *guess* another evening watching videos alone on my Scroll.” Camped out in the dorm room that had been assigned to Team RWBY during their Atlas stay, she'd been pacing about as she

wondered about what to do in the absence of any friends. In a way this loneliness was *very* reminiscent of her time alone at home.

Little did she know that she was being watched at that moment by an Atlas attendant with a very peculiar Semblance. All of the dorm rooms had hidden camera of course - it was important to Ironwood that there were eyes on all potential problems at all times and that included Team RWBY themselves. Each camera had an officer assigned to monitor, and the case of the RWBY room the officer in question was capable of granting any wish it overheard... *just not in the way it was intended.*

Incidentally, this woman was a monkey faunus.

Meanwhile, Weiss had sat down on her bunk. Because Ruby was always so keen on sleeping on the top it was only natural she'd take the bottom. It wasn't really a big deal, but she really wished her self-proclaimed 'bestie' wouldn't toss and turn at night as much as she did. Yet, as she sat there alone she couldn't help but have her thoughts return to her previous feelings of inadequacy, particularly when it came to her body.

“What am I even *dwelling* on this for? It's not like I can just say ‘I wish I had the same appeal Yang does’ and it'll happen. Only I can improve myself.” The sentiment was certainly nice. There was no denying that self-improvement was an important first step in any situation, but... Well, someone was listening that could grant Weiss the easier way out that she'd dismissed as an impossibility.

She was suddenly struck with an uneasy feeling that wracked her entire body. A cold sweat developed, and her heart rate practically doubled in the matter of a few seconds. There was a stifling pressure that collapsed upon her body, and just as quickly as it had come it just disappeared. This, in actuality, was the monkey faunus' Semblance (fittingly *named Monkey's Paw*) taking effect. It had dug its paws into her psyche and fed off her desires, and it was now examining what Weiss considered Yang's '*appeal*'. It seemed to be two parts of her body in particular, and so all that needed to be done was replicate that.

“What *was* that? I felt seriously *weird* for a second there.” Sadly, or perhaps *fortunately* depending on your opinion regarding what was about to happen, she didn't even know half of what was 'weird' just yet. But that would quickly change for, as she was finally close to catching her breath after that strange episode, she found the cut of her dress uncomfortably restricting itself against her chest.

Wait... that wasn't actually what was happening, was it? Clothes didn't just shrink when you were wearing them, but at the same time it wasn't like her body could just grow to be too large for the dress she was

currently wearing either. *Both* things were an impossibility. So based on logic and reason neither of them could be happening.

...Yet things got tighter still, particularly around the pair of breasts she considered to be rather lackluster in size. It wasn't like Weiss hadn't noticed. Over the past couple of years even Ruby had surpassed her in terms of cup size! As if the fact that she'd grown taller hadn't been bad enough!

This was why Weiss was jealous of Yang actually. With that big chest and that toned tummy, she was definitely eye catching. Maybe this was something of a moot point though, because she was about to earn traits that could readily rival Yang's own.

After all, the constriction of her dress had not been born from nothing. Even if she'd thought any possibility that might explain the approaching malfunction was basically impossible, it was hard to deny the proof in front of her. Like, for example, the fact that looking down while sitting yielded a much more narrow point of view than it had before. "***Umm...***"

Her hands immediately reached up to grab her chest, for as indecent as it was, this was for science! Fingers dug into flesh that felt far more ample and weighted than it typically did, and building pressure beneath the cusp of her exposed cleavage suggested there was more to come. Breasts were already straining the low neckline of her ensemble, but as they built up with even more weight, surpassing C-cups and jumping into the sacred realm of the Ds, erect nipples had no choice but to burst up and out of the neckline and question before the full mass of her naked tits followed after.

Just not before completely obliterating her dress. Tears in the front of the dress had been needed to free those huge badonkadonks in the first place, and what was once a one piece dress had ended up torn into two as the fabric around her tummy ripped clean around in a one-hundred and eighty degree angle. Apparently the integrity of the cloth couldn't deal with the growing breasts yanking the fabric upwards while the skirt being pinned below her ass kept the bottom in place.

"W-Wait a second!? What's going on here!?" It probably *wasn't* surprising to hear that Weiss was now wondering if she were dreaming. Things like this didn't just happen. Tits didn't just suddenly triple in size! As nails sunk into soft, creamy flesh, she couldn't imagine they were any smaller than a pair of DDs. Could they possible be bigger than Yang's?

And if that weren't enough, a rumbling in her now-exposed tummy brought about fears that couldn't be addressed, because, well... **"I can't even see it!"** With her DDs in the way Weiss could *not* see her belly at

all and there was no mirror in the room, and so short of pressing her fingers against it there was no effective way for her to tell if something was happening. At least the fingers idea was effective enough. The flesh of her tummy firmed up, the slight muscle she already had there becoming tense and flourishing. It didn't quite reach the heights of Yang's belly, but it was certainly farther along than what was traditional of the heiress.

Weiss' mind was doing back flips. In a way this was everything she'd ever wanted, but at the same time it was weird and the origin of the phenomenon was unknown. What if one of her teammates had come in at that very moment? That would've been a hot mess! And speaking of hot messes, the Monkey Paw Semblance that had penetrated her very person had yet to finish. It was still poking around Weiss' wants and wishes, and stumbled upon something Weiss had not yet vocalized.

'I wish my butt and thighs were as eye-catching as Blake's.'

That was another wish that was easily granted! No sooner than Weiss had recovered from the initial changes, to boot! Not that the girl in question was at all prepared for things to continue. She could hardly sit up straight with those huge honkers as is! Maybe all she needed to fix that problem was a bigger seat to sit upon?

Well, even if it wouldn't *fix* that problem, that was the solution she was being given. It began, once again, with a difficulty in the tightness of her costume. This time it was her panties, and seated as she was, she was immediately provoked into standing up by the unpleasant sensation of her underwear giving her an ample wedgie. **"A-Are you kidding me!?"**

Her tits had jumped around with how suddenly she'd risen, but that wasn't even all that much of a concern compared to how restrictive her panties were getting. For some reason, as they were pulled into a perfect cameltoe against her crotch, their color had darkened irreversibly from white to black, but the problem of their ill-fit had not been solved. Was it really that much of a mystery though?

It was absolutely, most definitely her *ass*. Cheeks blossomed to a size unthinkable, one that not only rivaled Blake's but surpassed that size as the back of her undergarments found themselves wedged between her now glorious ass crack. It was like a pair of hills had suddenly become a great and looming canyon, and her underwear had gone cliff diving. Fingers picked at the cloth in the front seemingly to no avail, but Weiss couldn't even afford to spend much time with it. Not when her thighs were throbbing.

Throbbing *and* bulging, and quickly at that. Weiss' thighs had always been unremarkable but their sudden swelling, paired with her wider load and bigger boobs, made it all the more difficult for her to stand upright. She wobbled to and fro as thigh flesh expanded like a dry sponge when first exposed to water, bloating providing an attractive sheen to their size as they practically tripled in size.

'I wish I was as outgoing and stylish as Ruby.'

“Seriously, what’s going on!? Ahh!? My voice!? Wait... Why am I talking like this!? I sound all peppy and hyperactive!” She hadn't even been afforded a moment to process what had happened to her thighs before the Semblance seized on another wish in Weiss' heart. The woman's pitch grew higher as her body practically vibrated with an energy and optimism she'd never known before. She now felt more outgoing than ever, and like she could always look on the bright side of a situation! **“This is... great!? I've always wanted a body like this!”**

In the meantime her hair was shortening, and at a very quick pace. As her massive braid unwound the color of her white hair darkened, a chestnut brown finding its way weaved throughout the entirety of the significantly lessened mass of a mane once it stopped shortening at her chin's length. Now, Ruby's hair was typically black and red, but the Semblance didn't grant wishes fully. Her breasts weren't exactly like Yang's, her thighs weren't exactly like Blake's, and her hair and personality wasn't exactly like Ruby's. She was a very different person from all three of them.

'I wish my life was completely different.'

The wish-seeking Semblance finally stumbled upon Weiss' most carefully kept secret. All her life she'd always wished she was someone else. Free of the expectations thrust upon her as a Schnee, free of what she considered to be her many shortcomings. Really, it was more of a desire to start over and live differently. But that wasn't how the warped wish granting ability would interpret it.

Everything about her that was still vaguely 'Weiss-like' ended up erased from her person. The scar above her left eye filled in, icy blue eyes instead dulled down to a more mundane brown. Her cheeks puffed up every so slightly as well, giving her a much plainer face on the whole compared to her piercing Schnee aesthetic. And then?

Her surroundings changed in an instant.

“何？ ここはどこ!?” ‘*What? Where am I!?*’ Her words were conveyed in Japanese, a language she couldn’t have possibly known because Japan wasn’t a place in Remnant. But then again, this wasn’t Remnant anymore. Waves crashed against a sandy beach, the young woman’s bare toes pressing against the hot sand below. “えっ!?” Surprised, she made sure to vocalize as much once she looked down. She wasn’t wearing a torn up dress anymore, but instead a black bikini that showed off her new body. So much pride had been placed in that body during the transformation itself but now? It didn’t seem like a big deal. It didn’t even feel like she’d ever looked differently.

“私の名前は何ですか?” ‘What is my name?’ For a moment she couldn’t remember. She felt like she was someone important, right? Oh! She was the *island’s alchemist!* That was pretty important! That was right wasn’t it? Maybe not? It *felt* right anyways. She did, at least, finally stumble upon her name. How could she forget something so simple? Her friends would laugh at her if she heard that story when they next reunited! After all...

“私の名前はライザリン・シュタウト!”

MY NAME IS REISALIN STOUT!

But why was she in a swimsuit again?